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## GENIUS.

GENIUS is the pilot of humanity; it guides society onward; without it there had been no change, no improvement; the savage would have remained a savage ever—his mind a wilderness, like the untilled earth around him; in the forest and its caves would he have found his food—in the primitive hut, his habitation; the treasures of thought would have been to him a hidden mine—the gratification of his passions his highest enjoyment.

Yet is genius isolated, companionless to most but itself. Talent in every street finds brothers, but genius is limited in kindred; when it raises its voice, it is not always echoed back—ofttimes but faintly heard, or wholly lost (that is, for a time) amid the din of ignorance and superstition. Mediocrity can take mediocrity by the hand, and mingle thought with thought, and feeling with feeling; but genius dwells at a distance. It walks ever in advance, discovering beauty and goodness for the multitude who follow tardily behind. It lives on the stores of its own head and heart, that grow not less by consumption, but which increase, like the stream, by flowing. It is God speaking with a human tongue.

Genius is interesting to every reflecting mind, in whatever shape or under whatever circumstances we view it—whether surrounded by luxury and rank, or struggling in an humbler sphere, as the philosopher who teaches the truths of the intellectual and moral world, or as he who brings to light the truths of the material one, or as the poet who sings the truths of both; for he is the greatest poet who in his poetry tells the most truth (all truth being eventually productive of human enjoyment); or as the statesman who has the legislating for millions, or as the painter who speaks in colours from the canvas, or as the sculptor breathing humanity through the stone—in every pursuit, and in every situation that we behold it, it is interesting as an evidence of the Creator's beneficence in leading man on to happiness and to heaven.

That genius is the pilot of the human race, the history of all ages and of all countries testifies. It is the fate of the majority of mankind to act more from habit and impulse than from reflection; they pursue a kind of mill-horse path, which they rarely leave, from their immersing into being to their exit from it; they use the same customs, and hold the same arguments, that their fathers did before them; they see the same facts to-day that they saw yesterday, and have little inclination to inquire further. Such is the state of the majority generally, and such it ever would be, unless men arose from the multitude gifted with powers of a higher order and wider range than fall to the lot of their fellow-men, and applying these mighty powers to their instruction, opening Nature's book, and reading aloud what in truth had been conceived, and in love written down, spreading before them the riches of the earth and the earth's laws; showing how the seas may be traversed in safety and in swiftness, and the winds fulfil their missions, yet leave no desolation behind. How to live well is to know, and knowing, use our knowledge in good will to all men.

Thus does genius raise its less gifted brethren from a position limited and stationary, into an active progression to present good, and good yet to come.

We have evidence of the pilotage of genius in the history of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. Here was the son of a poor wool-carder, of limited education—that is, in the popular sense of the term,—who, from the charts and journals of his father-in-law (a navigator), and his own experience as a seaman, became convinced of the existence of land in the direction where it was eventually found. He hung about the courts of Portugal and Spain, in the prosecution of his views, for eighteen long years, regarded by many as a madman; struggling with poverty and neglect, opposed in every way that priestly cunning and lordly ignorance could invent; which though it disheartened him at times, yet he ever rose from such despondency with renewed energy to his purpose, forced on by the impulsion of his genius, pursuing the mighty scheme that was so deeply rooted in his heart—ay, in his very breath and blood,—until he broke the chains that bound him, and gave a world birth.

We have proof of its guidance in the discoveries of Galileo, the Tuscan astronomer, who first taught that the sun turned on its own axis, and other truths equally important: in which teaching so far was he in advance of the times, that he was taken before the inquisition, condemned, and sentenced to abjure the “damnable doctrine” in the presence of the inquisitors, which his whole life had been spent in proving; to be “confined in the prison of the Holy-office during pleasure; and to recite the seven penitential psalms once a-week during three years.” This sentence was he obliged to undergo; but, as he arose from his knees after the abjuration, still strong in the truth, he whispered to one of his friends who stood beside him, “It does move, though,” (alluding to the earth's revolving round the sun): and men of kindred powers and sympathies were led to investigate the subject afterwards, who subsequently confirmed the correctness of Galileo. Mediocrity was obliged to bow to the decision.

We behold the teaching of genius, as exhibited by William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who, when he announced it, was assailed on all hands with ridicule and distrust, and by many with personal abuse. They argued that it could not be true, because no previous writer had said anything respecting it; and undertook to refute it with objections consisting of the most trivial cavils; which objections only had the effect of making Harvey more resolute and active in his teaching. In the end, the multitude believed, and genius triumphed.

Let us turn to the life of Robert Burns. When the first editions of his poems appeared at Kilmarnock, the critics, says Allan Cunningham, considered that they were “the labours of some gentleman, who assumed the rustic for the sake of indulging in satire; their knowledge was reckoned beyond the reach, and their flights beyond the power, of a simple ploughman; and when it was known for a truth that the author was a ploughman, many lengthy discussions took place concerning the way in which the poet had acquired his knowledge. Ayr race-course was pointed out as the likely scene of his studies of high life, where he found what was graceful and elegant, advising him to leave his vulgar and romantic fancies, and grow classical; his best songs were called random flights, his happiest poems the fruit of a vagrant

impulse; they accounted him an accident, a wild colt of a comet, a sort of splendid error, and refused to look on him as a true poet raised by the kindly warmth of Nature; for they thought nothing beautiful which was not produced or adorned by learning." Burns thought otherwise; he taught that poetry was not always born in learned halls, and nursed amid the dust of prejudice and precedent; that it could spring and grow as strong and healthy under a cottage-roof, as it was ever found in the mansions of those whom often interest or accident raised on high, with all the advantage of learning's rule and compasses to guide its composition. It is above forty years since he died; yet now his songs are sung in every land where the English language is spoken, and in many where it is not: wherever his countrymen have trod—and there are few spots on the earth on which they have not set a foot—the strains of Burns are heard lighting up their memories with bygone times, thoughts, and feelings beautiful and ardent, common to all.

The histories of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Bacon, Copernicus, Kepler, Locke, and Newton, are a few striking instances out of thousands furnished by antiquity and modern times, in support of the assertion that genius is the pilot of the human race, in whatever shape it may come among us: they are so many wheels in the vast machine of progression, and all necessary to its perfect action; the smallest of which missing or disabled, stops or retards the mighty progress of the whole.

As we have spoken thus far on the pilotage of genius, it will not be uninteresting to say something of the sufferings frequently attendant on its possession; for they are often many—so many, that men generally regard genius as identified with poverty and its train of inconveniences, and with causing which the world is accused. That the world is slow in acknowledging genius coming before it without a patron or a known name, is true; that when an individual of gifted powers arises from the humble classes of society to any eminence as a public instructor, it is only by meeting with a mind or minds of kindred qualities to his own, who herald the way to fame, and proclaim to mankind that they have found a brother, we admit; but cannot conclude that this neglect proceeds from envy or malice in the multitude, but rather from an utter incapability to distinguish the presence of genius and its utility. Whoever speaks to the multitude with the mind of the multitude, is understood by the multitude; but he who converses in a higher tone must wait until he find those fit to interpret him.

Yet is genius not all-suffering; there is a happiness accompanying it that more than counterbalances the evils that we have been alluding to—a rapture that wealth cannot purchase, nor can mediocrity conceive—that dominion cannot give, nor can all that custom has rendered valuable come up to. It is the joy resulting from its own activity—the using of genius is the great reward of genius. It was the delight that Columbus experienced in the contemplation and prosecution of his scheme that carried him through all his difficulties—that made him stand confident and calm, and beg of his seamen to proceed for three days onward, when they were about to throw him overboard. Who can describe his emotions when he first saw the land, and again when he knelt down on its shore, and gave thanks to God for his glorious discovery! What were the feelings of his companions we can guess, for they came for gold; but he had higher and nobler motives for his voyage—he came for truth, and he found it. It was this delight that made Galileo exclaim, "It does move, though!" and the knowledge was to him happiness and reward.

It was the joy that Burns experienced in giving vent to such lyrics as "A Man's a Man for a' that," or his "Address to a Mouse," or his "Lament for puir Maillie," that made him forge

the coldness and neglect of the Edinburgh aristocracy, who, after running in crowds to get a glimpse of the peasant poet, turned their backs on him, not on account of his irregularities (as some have tried to explain by asserting), but because they did not understand the poet: it was beyond muddy mediocrity to imagine that poetry could live and breathe with hands as hard as horn, and limbs encased in country "clippit buckskins;" they only saw the ploughman, and having seen "the sight," left his presence to seek for the next prodigy, whether in the shape of a pig with two heads, or a calf with one brainless as their own.

Songs are the most simple, and perhaps the most useful, of all poetical composition: there are thousands who are moved and strongly impressed with a song, that have not capability to grasp with matter of higher pretension. Songs come directly from the feelings, gushing out as if impelled by the overflowing of the reservoir within: they cannot be made to order; the word of command, or the urgings of approbation, have no power over the laws of song. They come of their own accord when the heart is in tune, and when there are eyes and ears to greet their coming; nor die they away ere the breath has become cold that brought them into being; they hang about one like the air—they accompany us in our daily avocations—the severest labour becomes lighter with a song, and heavy time often, with one, loses half its duration; they are spirits that dwell in the heart like the blood, and flow through the brain as warmly and as nourishingly; they are emotions that a man might make a prayer of—in fact, they are prayers. The Psalms are a book of songs, and the finest that ever sprung from a human heart. Turn to the 137th, and read the affecting proof of the power of song as exhibited by the Jews in their captivity.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down: yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows, in the midst thereof.

"For there, they that carried us away captive required of us a song: and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

"If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the root of my mouth: if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

It is a melancholy picture. They are asked to sing the Lord's song in a strange land, away from all they hold dear, and in captivity. The mention of their songs by those that wasted them brings all the associations connected with Jerusalem vividly into their minds, and the recollections are too much for them; they weep when they remember Zion: but how beautiful and how holy the constancy of affection to their religion and their country in their sorrows! "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,"—how full of meaning!—six words never expressed more.

Robert Nicholl\* seems to have conceived his strains in the spirit that we have been describing, especially in the more serious portion of them; for he is reflective, sentimental, playful, and humorous, by turns. They are distinguished by a nervous intensity and overflowing benevolence, that forcibly impress on the mind of the reader the sincerity of the writer. There is no appearance of their having been composed as a task, or prompted by the love of fame or the desire of gain; but all comes forth fluently out of the fullness of the songster's heart, as if he had had his reward and delight in the singing.

Attachment to his native land seems to be a powerful feeling with him, and we love his memory for it. The man whose heart

\* For an account of whose writings, and a specimen of whose poetry, see London Saturday Journal, No. 101.

glows not at the thought of his native land—ay, at the smallest remembrance of it, though it may be a stone from its streams or a bud from its hills—is fit to be classed with those “who have no music in their souls,” and, as Shakspeare says, should not be trusted. Home is the first portion that we see of earth, and appears to us the fairest; love for it grows with us as for a mother; it is among the first seeds planted in the brain, and it is a plant that decays not, but blooms long as life. Though we may gaze on Italian skies and landscapes with wonder and delight, yet the scenes of our country, our boyhood, will rise up to the memory from the heart, where they have been slumbering, and rob what we are gazing on of half its beauty. “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,” said the Jews; and with the same devotedness singeth every poet of the land of his birth.

#### THE SERPENT-CHARMER OF INDIA.

IN India, the “Samp-wallah” is less blood-thirsty in his operations against the crawling race, contenting himself with making them his captives, instead of devouring them. When a snake has been traced on the premises, it is a common custom to send for the “snake-catcher,” who arrives with his numerous baskets, containing live snakes of various descriptions, and the uncouth musical instruments with which he enacteth the part of the “charmer,” to whom the cobra capella in this case seldom “turneth a deaf ear;” and by whatever means he effects his object, in a short time, after being lured from its hiding-place, and deprived of its fangs, is snugly deposited at the bottom of one of the round wicker-baskets which he carries about with him, and which, when not called on in his professional capacity, are displayed for the amusement of the spectators.

The snake-catcher seats himself on the ground, surrounded by these little baskets, and begins to drone forth a melancholy monotonous tune on a sort of bagpipe. After a short time, the covers of the baskets are removed, and display in each the scaly folds of a cobra capella, compactly coiled up in the bottom, and apparently intently listening to the music, if such it can be called. By degrees they appear to grow animated; they gradually raise their heads, expand their hoods, and by a sort of nodding motion seem to keep time to the music: and it is fearful to behold the “charmer” surrounded on all sides by these terrific-looking animals; and, although in their present state perfectly harmless, from being divested of their fangs, a thrill of horror involuntarily creeps through the veins of the spectator. A dreadful commotion now takes place if a mongoos be quietly slipped into the room: the little animal instantly flies at its nearest enemy, a terrible combat ensues, the baskets are upset, the cobras get adrift, and the agonised “samp-wallah” is flying about in every direction to secure his captives.

These people generally have for sale numbers of “snake-stones,” which are said to be equally an antidote against the bite of the serpent and the sting of the scorpion. For the former I have never seen it tried; and to prove its efficacy with the latter, the “samp-wallah” generally carries about, in small earthen vessels, a number of these animals, one of which he allows to wound him with his sting. The snake stone, which is a dark, shining, smooth pebble, about the size and shape of a French-bean, on being applied to the wound, instantly adheres to it, and by a power of suction appears to draw out the poison, which is supposed to be contained in the small bubbles which, on the immersion of the stone into a glass of water, are seen in great numbers to rise to the surface. My first idea on beholding the “samp-wallah” allow himself to be stung by the scorpion was, that the latter had by some means been rendered harmless. However, not wishing

voluntarily to put this to the test by personal experience, I purchased some of the stones, resolved on the very first opportunity to try their efficacy. Shortly after this, happening to be marching up the country with a detachment, we pitched our camp on some very stony ground, in clearing which one of the English soldiers happened to be bit in the hand by a large scorpion. As soon as I heard of the circumstance I sent for the sufferer, who appeared to be in great pain, which he described as a burning sensation running all the way up his arm to the very shoulder. I applied one of the snake-stones to the puncture; it adhered immediately, and, during about eight minutes it remained on the patient, he by degrees became easier: the pain diminished, gradually coming down from the shoulder, until it appeared entirely confined to the immediate vicinity of the wound. I now removed the stone; on putting it into a cup of water, numbers of small air-bubbles rose to the surface, and in a short time the man ceased to suffer any inconvenience from the accident.—*Major Napier's Scenes and Sports in Foreign Lands.*

#### LETTER WRITING.

THE following three specimens of letter-writing of the last century are curious; they are preserved in a tract, now of extreme rarity, by that excellent and indefatigable writer, Lord Hailes.

The first is from the Duchess Dowager of Lenox to King James the First:—

“My Sovereign Lord,

“According to your Majesty's gracious pleasure signified unto me, I have sent a young man to attend you, accompanied with a widow's prayers and tears, that he may wax old in your service; and in his fidelity and affection may equal his ancestors departed: and so shall he find grace and favour in the eyes of my Lord the King; which will revive the dying hopes, and raise the dejected spirits, of a comfortless mother.

“Your Majesty's most humble servant,

“K. A. LENOX.”

The following forms a good contrast to the elegant simplicity of the former. It is addressed to the same sovereign by the wife of the famous Duke of Buckingham, whose “orthography,” like Lord Duberley's, was “somewhat loose,” and needed, like his, the corrective hints of a Dr. Pangloss:—

“May it please your Majestie,

“I have receved the two boxes of *drid ploms* and *graps*, and the box of *violatt caks* and chickens, for all which I most humbly thank your Majestie.

“I hope my Lord Aunan has *tould* your Majestie that I did mean to *wene* Mall very shortly. I *wood* not by any *mens a-don* it till I had *furst* made your Majesty acquainted with it; and by reason my cousin Bret's boy has *binne* ill of *latt*, for *fere shee* should *greeve* and *spyle* her milk, *maks* me very desirous to *wene* her. And I think *shee* is *ould enufe*, and I hope will endure her *wening* very well; for I think there was never child *card* less for the breast than *shee dos*; so I do intend to make trial this night how she will endure it.

“This day praying for your Majestie's health and *longe* life, I humbly take my leave.

“Your Majesty's most humble servant,

“K. BUCKINGHAM.”

The next and last is from the Duke to King James:—

“Dear Dad and Gossipy,

“Yesterday we got hither so early, that I had time to see over a good part of my works here. This afternoon I will see the rest.

I protest to God the chiefest pleasure I have in them is, that I hope they will please you, and that they have all come by and from you. I am now going to give my Redeemer thanks for my Maker. The afternoon I will spend in viewing the rest. To-morrow the — threaten to be arly up, being of my mind impatient to be with you. We shall have no need of a coach of yours, or *Babie Charles*, to make the way short. I could write to the equeries to send them to Thurlo, seven miles on this side of Newmarket; but I will be beholden to none but my kind master and purveyor, who never failed me when I had need: therefore bestir thee, and [there are two words illegible] duty. I will give no thanks for nothing, till I may do it on my knees; so I crave your blessing, as your Majesty's most humble slave and dog.

"STINIE."

#### INSTINCTIVE ANIMOSITY TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

IN "Woodstock" we find this observation:—

"There is a feeling in nature affecting even the instinct, as it is called, of dumb animals, which teaches them to fly from misfortune. The very deer will butt a sick or wounded buck from the herd; hurt a dog, and the whole kennel will fall on him and worry him; fishes devour their own kind when they are wounded with a spear; cut a crow's wing, or break his leg, the others will buffet it to death."—*Woodstock*, vol. i. p. 102.

That this is too much the way of the world is certainly not to be denied. There is indisputably in all creatures an instinctive animosity to misfortune, which may be subdued, but is seldom entirely extinguished. Dogs bark at beggars. Men, whose spleen is under the regulation of reason, only send them to the House of Correction. The feeling at the root of the action of man and brute, in these cases, is pretty much the same. The deer, says Scott, butts another who is wounded: and the deer probably does this under an apprehension that the misfortune he witnesses may extend to himself. The man puts the beggar in the House of Correction from much the same motive—beggary is the thing he dreads, and he punishes the person who threatens to spread this calamity, by preying on prosperity. To be sure, we rational bipeds are compassionate creatures; but if the most kind-hearted beings examine what passes in their own minds, they will find that some portion of anger is pretty generally mixed up with their pity. We may observe, indeed, that the language of compassion is seldom or never wholly free from reproach; and there are many kind souls who testify their affections for their friends by quarrelling with them most vehemently the instant they fall into any misfortunes. Let us take the very type of tenderness for an example—what is the proceeding of a fond mother who sees her child tumble? Her first act is the first act of all ladies in all cases—she first utters a most efficient scream, then rushes to her prostrate darling, crying "Oh, my blessed child!" whips it off the ground, cants up its clothes, and gives it a sound whipping to teach it not to do so again. The tumble might have taught the child that lesson, without the whipping; but the whipping is the mother's way of avenging her own fright. So it is in the world, a man tells us of his misfortunes, his trips in the rough path of life—we feel compassion for his distress; but in mingling our commiseration with reproaches for his imprudence, we unconsciously avenge the pain his tale of woe has given to our feelings.

Marmontel, in his "Memoirs of Life," (one of the most delightful works in French literature), tells us that when he fell into disgrace at court, his warm friend, Madame de Geoffrin, signalled her grief at the event, by picking a violent quarrel with him. The

next day she repented of her ill-humour, and accompanied her apology with this reflection: "Thus it is—from the moment a man falls into misfortunes, we overwhelm him, and make crimes of everything he does."—"Ah! madam," replied Marmontel, "I think differently of this matter. For me, I have forgotten it, and if I ever remember it, it will only be as an evidence of your kindness for me. Every one has his fashion of loving; yours is to punish your friends for their mishaps, as a mother chastises her child when it falls."

From whatever cause it arises, whether from an instinctive antipathy to misfortune, a dread of its infection, or from resentment for the pain the sight of it communicates, certain it is that all unsophisticated creatures seem disposed, as Sir Walter Scott has shown, to wage war with calamity. Civilised beings subdue this, as they subdue all other first motions of nature; but a million indications attest its smothered existence. How carefully all the symptoms of poverty are marked and shunned among us!—a shabby coat, a slipshod shoe, will chill the warmest friendship, and make those meet as strangers who have parted as brothers. The peace among other animals subsists until it is dissolved by calamity; but our forecast leads us to watch prognostics, and we grow cool on moulting plumage, and cut the bird of shabby feathers, before the day of destitution arrives. The crow, says the author of "Woodstock," buffets his neighbour when he breaks his leg—we don't exactly do this by our neighbour, because our reason assures us that he cannot come and borrow a leg of us, or take our leg to supply the place of his own, but if his bank is broken, *nostra res agitur*—our pocket is in danger—then the world plays the crow, and caws over him and buffets him, apprehensive that he will endeavour to supply his wants out of its abundance.

#### HINTS FOR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

As the topics discussed by literary associations are diversified, so should be the professions, predilections, studies, and disposition of its members.

Freedom of speech and hardihood of opinion; boldness of speculation, and novelty of manner, cannot be hazarded where there is great disparity in the ages of the associates: the frivolity of boyhood and the prejudice of age should be alike excluded. Between the ages of twenty and forty, man is least the creature of either.

It would be well to have in its number, individuals whose rank in society would give it weight with the multitude, as well as those who, provided they had the manners of gentlemen, were recommended more by their mental endowments than by the station of their father, or the wealth they possessed. Mind is a universal standard; Letters a republic; but Genius, as well as wealth, an aristocracy.

Meetings, to be regularly attended, must regularly occur, take place at known intervals, and be held in a hall where convenience of access, internal comfort, and respectability of appearance, are united.

The winter season is the period experience has shown to be best fitted for study and in-door amusements and employment. In the seat of a university, it is at that time that many individuals are to be met with in society who are pursuing the course of a liberal education, and whose chief business of life is the cultivation of their mind.

The winter season, then, is the time for the active exertions of a literary society.

Its assemblages, to be frequent, had better be hebdomadal. The meetings that are to be held after the lapse of more than the



weekly cycle of days are forgot, and an uncertainty as to the exact night of assemblage is often felt, or pretended.

It is worthy of consideration whether the association should be altogether discontinued in summer. A monthly meeting might be a connecting link in the union.

To comprise individuals of different ranks and dissimilar professions within the number of members, the convenience of all must be studied, but chiefly of those who are not themselves the masters of their time.

An hour of assembly rather later than that of associations of students, &c. would then be the best.

Nine o'clock might be a medium time suitable to all.

To propose an hour at which discussion, however interesting, must stop, and conversation, however animated, be put an end to, would be pragmatical and absurd: to make a practice of violating the decorum of observing regular hours would lead to abuse.

Discretion and circumstances, rather than precise rule, will be preferable for regulating the period of dismission.

### THE THREE SPANISH PAINTERS,

MURILLO, VELASQUEZ, AND ZURBARAN.

THE three painters whose names have immortalised the Spanish school are Murillo, Velasquez, and Zurbaran. The first was born in 1618, in Seville, the second in 1599, in the same city, and the third in the village of Fuente de Cantos, in Estremadura, in 1598. They were, therefore, contemporaries, and all lived to a good age. Murillo died in his 66th year, and would probably have lived longer, had not his death been hastened by a fall from the scaffolding whilst painting in the Franciscan convent of Cadiz. Velasquez died at the age of 61, and Zurbaran at that of 64. The merit they possessed is that of originality; the first of them, however, Murillo, has proved the justice of a remark of Voltaire, that he who copies best is the best original; for, perhaps no one imitated so many masters as Murillo, and yet no one can mistake his style for that of any other painter. We have his imitations of Herrera, of Titian in his portraits, of Guido in his Magdalens, of Velasquez in his beggar boys and fancy subjects, of Zurbaran in his saints; yet he shines out in all as peculiarly Murillo, and it seems as if he imitated others only to surpass them. His animals are admirably drawn, but he never appears to have loved landscape painting. His sea-views are of extreme rarity, and are spirited, but inferior to those of the High Dutch school. This was not the case with Velasquez, who was, perhaps, the most universal genius we have known. He could paint animals, landscapes (the knowledge of which he had probably acquired from Herrera el Viejo, his master), the sea, and fancy subjects, and historical pieces, with equal ease. In vigour and versatility of genius he equalled Rubens, and drew largely from him. A residence in Italy did not however induce him to change his style; and the works of his later years differ little from those of an earlier period, save in less attention to the minute parts of drawing, and a greater endeavour at effect. No painter managed light better. The aerial perspective of the Surrender of Breda, and the picture of the artist himself working for Philip IV., and surrounded by his family, is not exceeded by De Hooge, Rembrandt, or the most skilful Dutchman; yet he had not the grace or tenderness of Murillo; he surprises, but does not woo us into admiration. Much of his time was unfortunately lost in attending on Philip IV., who invested him with the office of chamberlain at court; and the last public act of his life was that of accompanying the Infanta Maria Theresa to Irun, on her marriage with Louis XIV. of France. The wife of Velasquez only survived her husband seven days.

The life of Zurbaran presents us with one of the numberless histories of men who, born in situations apparently unpropitious for the development of talent, have nevertheless attained to the highest glory in their profession. He was the son of a country proprietor; and any who are acquainted with the state of that class in Spain (bad as it is now, it was worse then) will consider the eminence to which he advanced as almost a work of magic. He was born a painter, and his early efforts attracted so much notice, that his parents sent him to Seville to study under Rodelas. Before attaining the age of 30, he had completed the chapel of St. Peter in the cathedral, and the famous altar-piece for the collegiate church of St. Thomas Aquinas, the latter of which is considered his masterpiece. The paintings of the Carthuja at Xeres were executed in his 35th year. Neither Murillo nor Zurbaran ever left Spain, and yet their notions of the art were strikingly opposed. Zurbaran copied nobody, Murillo everybody; the first was satisfied to spend days over a white mantle fixed on a model, and occupy himself on a single figure; Murillo was grouping, and varying, and catching at every new form and expression, trusting to his own genius to improve upon nature. Zurbaran threw a strong contrast of light and darkness on the principal figure in the first term, and went no further. Murillo aimed at and succeeded in conveying aerial perspective to the furthest distance in the sky, and sought to make his outlines melt into the air. Two paintings for the Geronimite convent of Bournos, by Zurbaran, one of which is in my possession, had the outline of the figures rigidly marked on the plain side of the canvas, so hard and inflexible was the system of the painter. Both were fine colourists, and both true to nature; but Murillo toned down his pictures by glazing, and Zurbaran passed a wash over the strong blue and white he employed, and detached the figures by painting the distances lightly. In point of composition, Zurbaran was inferior to Murillo or Velasquez. According to my own taste, the order of precedence I should give to these great painters is as I have placed them in the text; others, however, and particularly the French, reverse the order, and quote Zurbaran, Velasquez, and Murillo. Indeed, in England and at Madrid, Velasquez is generally put before either Murillo or Zurbaran.

### WEEPING.

YOUNG women are full of tears; they all weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for anything, or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence, and weep when you are absent. They will weep when they cannot go to a ball or to a tea-party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a scamp; they will weep because they cannot have everything their own way. Married women weep to conquer; tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps, and he relents, and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning quite subdued by tears and a curtain-lecture! Women weep to get at their husbands' secrets, and they also weep when their own secrets have been revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning, through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortune, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbours how she is fitted with her mournings. She weeps for one husband, that she may get another. The "Widow of Ephesus" bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other.

Drunkards are much given to weeping. They will shed tears of bitter repentance this moment, and sin the next. It is no uncommon thing to hear them cursing the effect of intemperance, while they are poisoning the cup of indulgence, and gasping to gulp down its contents. The beggar and the traveller weep for a livelihood; they can coin their tears, and make them pass for the current money of the realm. The one weeps you into a charitable humour, and the other makes you pay for being forced to weep along with him. Sympathy bids us to relieve the one, and curiosity prompts us to support the other. We relieve the beggar when he prefers his claim, and we pay the tragedian beforehand. The one weeps whether he will or not, but the other weeps only when he is well paid for it. Poets are a weeping tribe; they are social in their tears; they would have the whole world to weep along with them. Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their imaginations so fantastic, that they make even the material world to sympathise with their sorrows. The dew on the lily is compared to tears on the cheek of a disconsolate maiden; when it glitters on the herbage at twilight, it is called the tears of the evening; and when the sun rises and exhales the dewdrops from the flowers, it is said to wipe away the tears of the morning. Thus we have a weeping day and a weeping night. We have weeping rocks, weeping waterfalls, weeping willows, weeping grottoes, weeping skies, weeping climates; and if any signal calamity has befallen a great many, we have, to finish the climax, a weeping world.—*Howitt's Book of the Seasons.*

#### OUT-DOOR PICTURES IN ROME.

We have lately taken many long walks through both ancient and modern Rome, and have thus seen much more of the people, of their manners, dress, and customs. Perhaps no place can offer greater variety of costume; and the habits of the poorer classes are so different from those of our English peasantry, that in every walk something strange and new presents itself. The groups I often see recall to my mind Pinelli's spirited sketches, and we stop in admiration before them.

Long trains of carts, each covered with a penthouse of rough skins, are drawn by the large grey oxen of the country, to whose gigantic horns a pole is attached, by which they are harnessed. These are driven by peasants, whose swarthy complexions vie in colour with the dark sheepskin dresses they wear; while their conical hats, often garlanded with ribbons, and their shaggy goat-skin aprons, give them a wild and picturesque look. From beneath the covered cart, a bright-eyed girl is sometimes seen peeping at the *forestieri*, for whom she has always a smile: her pretty square white muslin head-dress, and scarlet boddice laced with blue ribbons, set off her noble head and form, and give a peculiar character to her beautiful Roman face.

At the corner of a piazza, a *scrittore*, or scribe, is seated at his table, with pen in hand, busily occupied in writing from the dictation of a Trasteverino, or some gentle maiden, the tale of love or of revenge.

In this narrow street the cook, in his white apron and cap, is engaged in preparing his *frittura* of fish, or messes of meat and vegetables; whilst, standing or sitting around, are groups of people eagerly devouring the savoury delicacies. In another street you may chance to see two Pifferari, straining harsh discord in honour of a Madonna, who sits enthroned in a small shrine fixed in the wall above.

Figures often pass us in long sackcloth robes, and pointed head-dresses of the same material, which cover the face, leaving only two holes for the eyes; and shaking a little money-box before us, they beg "*elemosine, per l'amore di Dio!*"—alms, for the love

of God! These persons, called Sacconi, are penitents, condemned to wander barefoot through the streets as a humiliation for their sins. It is said that bishops, cardinals, and princes often submit to the penance.

I must describe the figure of a lovely young country girl whom I saw in the Vatican yesterday: her face and form were perfectly beautiful, and the satisfaction she evinced in a consciousness of the admiration she excited was very amusing; her cheek was dimpled with smiles, and her eyes sparkled with roguish merriment and coquetry. Her dress was a most studied and finished specimen of a Roman toilette: the petticoat was of delicate blue silk; the boddice, lacing behind and before over a chemisette of the purest white, was of brilliant scarlet; and the sleeves of silver tissue, tight to the elbow, were fastened to the boddice with pink bows and streamers; a shawl of embroidered muslin was thrown negligently over her shoulders. The head-gear was the most exquisite thing I ever saw: the hair, glossy and black, was braided and hung in loops behind; these were confined to the top of the head by a silver bodkin, from which on one side hung little flagree flowers of the same material; over all was the square of pure white muslin, trimmed with dainty lace, which, standing out on the top of the head like an university-cap, fell behind gracefully to the waist. She was a picture—I could scarcely take my eyes from her.

But of all the curious figures we see in this wonderful city, none interest me so much as the monks, friars, and other bodies of the regular clergy. I have endeavoured to learn their different orders. Amongst the most numerous are the Franciscan friars, clad in brown or grey garments, with a girdle of cord, and sandaled feet. The Capuchins, who are a sect of Franciscans, have, in addition, a long beard, and are a dirty, ill-looking race: I have in vain watched, in passing their long processions, for a single fine face; all have dark, scowling, and sinister expressions—some appearing sunk in cold apathy, while in the countenances of others might be read the workings of debasing passions. The Dominicans are less displeasing in their appearance; they wear white garments, with black cowls and scapularies, and black girdles. The Carmelites are entirely clothed in white, even to their shoes and hats; and in contrast to these are the Jesuits, all in black, with shovel-hats. There are, besides these, various subordinate fraternities: the *Frati* of Santa Maddelena, with their black dress and red cross; the scholars of the Seminario Romano, with violet robes and triangular hats; and the members of the Propaganda, with red girdles and red buttons on black garments. The priests, too, are always known by their black, as are the bishops by their violet dress; whilst the cardinals can never be mistaken, in their fiery red robes, red shoes, red skull-caps, and red hats.—*Miss C. Taylor's Letters from Italy to a younger Sister.*

#### EXAGGERATION.

If there be any one mannerism that is universal among mankind, it is that of colouring too highly things we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of truth—we must exaggerate—we must overdraw—we must have "a little too much red in the brush." Who ever heard of a dark night that was not "pitch dark?"—of a stout man that was not "strong as a horse?"—or of a miry road that was not "up to the knees?" I would walk "fifty miles on foot" to see that man who never caricatures the subject on which he speaks; but where is such a one to be found? From "rosy morn to dewy eve," in our common conversation, we are constantly outraging the truth. If somewhat wakeful in the night, we have "scarcely had a wink of sleep;" if our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are "as wet as if dragged through a brook;" if a breeze blow up while we are in the "chops of the Channel," the waves are sure to "run moun-

tains high ; " and if a man grow rich, we all say that " he rolls in money." No later than yesterday, a friend of mine, who would shrink from a wilful misrepresentation, told me hastily, as he passed, that the newspaper had " nothing in it but advertisements," and that he had just sent off, by the Shrewsbury coach, a codfish as " big as a jackass."

This habit of decoration in describing common things most likely proceeds from the love of the marvellous which most of mankind entertain. We wish to affect the minds of others. What is the use of telling a tale that will excite no wonder?—of making a complaint that calls forth no sympathy?—or of representing a deed of injustice that will rouse no indignation? We wish to make our picture striking, and thus, like the painter, are induced to put " a little too much colour in the brush." But if it be thus in things little affecting us, still more is it the case where interest is concerned. In such cases the most unblushing misrepresentations are made. Every newspaper has its " Bargains," its " Great Savings," and its " Immense Sacrifices." " Fish all alive " is not too strong a term for the unbearably tainted, scaly fry offered for sale. The Irish cloth of the mercer is " fine as cambric ; "—the stale meat of the butcher " sweet as a nut ; "—and the cheesemonger's hard, tough, lean cheese " as fat as butter."—*Ephraim Holding's Domestic Addresses.*

#### NAPOLEON IN HIS YOUTH.

THE conduct of Napoleon among his companions, was that of a studious and reserved youth, addicting himself deeply to the means of improvement, and rather avoiding than seeking the usual temptations to dissipation of time. He had few friends and no intimates ; yet, at different times, when he chose to exert it, he exhibited considerable influence over his fellow-students, and when there was any joint plan to be carried into effect, he was frequently chosen dictator of the little republic. In the time of winter, Bonaparte, upon one occasion, engaged his companions in constructing a fortress out of the snow, regularly defended by ditches and bastions, according to the rules of fortification. It was considered as displaying the great powers of the juvenile engineer in the way of his profession, and was attacked and defended by the students, who divided into parties for the purpose, until the battle became so keen that their superiors thought it proper to proclaim a truce. The young Bonaparte gave another instance of address and enterprise upon the following occasion. There was a fair held annually in the neighbourhood of Brienne, where the pupils of the military school used to find a day's amusement ; but on account of a quarrel betwixt them and the country people upon a former occasion, or for some such cause, the masters of the institution had directed that the students should not on the fair day be permitted to go beyond their own precincts, which were surrounded with a wall. Under the direction of the young Corsican, however, the scholars had already laid a plot for securing their usual day's diversion. They had undermined the wall which encompassed their exercising ground with so much skill and secrecy, that their operations remained unknown till the morning of the fair, when a part of the boundary unexpectedly fell, and gave a free passage to the imprisoned students, of which they immediately took the advantage, by hurrying to the prohibited place of amusement. But although on these, and perhaps other occasions, Bonaparte displayed some of the frolic temper of youth, mixed with the inventive genius and the talent for commanding others by which he was distinguished in after time, his life at school was in general that of a recluse and severe student, acquiring by his judgment, and treasuring in his memory, that wonderful process of almost unlimited combination, by means of which he was afterwards able to simplify the most difficult and complicated undertakings. His mathematical teacher was proud of the young islander, as the boast of his school ; and his other scientific instructors had the same reason to be satisfied. In languages Bonaparte was less a proficient, and never acquired the art of writing or

spelling French, far less foreign languages, with accuracy or correctness. Though of Italian origin, Bonaparte had not a decided taste for the fine arts, and his taste for composition seems to have leaned towards the grotesque and the bombastic. At the age of seventeen, he became (when a lieutenant of artillery) " an adventurer for the honours of literature also," and was anonymously a competitor for the prize offered by the Academy of Lyons on Raynal's question, " What are the principles and institutions, by application of which mankind can be raised to the highest pitch of happiness." The prize was adjudged to the young soldier. It is impossible to avoid feeling curiosity to know the character of the juvenile theories respecting government advocated by one, who, at length, attained the power of practically making what experiments he pleased. Probably his early ideas did not exactly coincide with his more mature practice ; for when Talleyrand, many years afterwards, got the Essay out of the records of the Academy, and returned it to the author, Bonaparte destroyed it after he had read a few pages. He also laboured under the temptation of writing a journey to Mount Cenis, after the manner of Sterne, which he was fortunate enough finally to resist. The affectation which pervades Sterne's peculiar style of composition was not likely to be simplified under the pen of Bonaparte. Sterner times were fast approaching, and the nation was now fully divided by those factions which produced the Revolution.—*Life of Napoleon*

#### THE LYKEWAKE OF A CIRCASSIAN NOBLE.

WHEN, as in this case, the body is not forthcoming, a cushion is placed on a mat at the side of a room ; upon and around it are the clothes of the deceased, and on the wall immediately above are suspended his arms. The room is filled with the females, and the female relatives and friends of the family, seated ; and at the door stands the widow, erect. At each side of the cushion are seated the daughters or some young female relatives. On the green before the door the men assemble. One of them approaches the door, uttering a wailing cry, which is responded to by the females inside, who rise while he enters softly with his hands over his eyes, and kneels before the cushion, placing his forehead upon it. The young girls on each side assist him to rise, and he retires. The rest follow one by one, until the whole have performed this ceremony ; but the old men generally, instead of uttering the lament, speak some short sentence of consolation or endurance, such as, " It is the will of God." This larger assemblage of men and women lasts for three days ; but the females of the family, and its immediate relatives, must be in attendance to receive mourners in this manner for a fortnight ; and the clothes and other relics of the deceased remain as described until the greater funeral repast, which is given either six months after or on the anniversary of the death. The very poorest never omit this entertainment ; but the rich give other repasts, at intervals of a week, a fortnight, and forty days after the death.

If the clothes of the deceased were not good at his death, new are made, and the relatives contribute different articles—such as shoes, leggings, leather drinking-cups (for travelling), &c., which are laid with the rest of the things on the mat, and are subsequently distributed to the priest of the neighbourhood, and those who assisted at the ceremonies. The family can retain nothing except the arms which the deceased bore and the horse he rode, which, out of respect to his memory, is kept six months in the stable, and well fed during that time.

When one has died a natural death at home, his body is immediately washed, enveloped in new white cotton or linen cloth, and buried within three or four hours, the immediate neighbours assisting in the first portion of the lamentation. If he was killed in battle (that is, a *bond-fide* battle—not a mere excursion for booty—for a decided line of distinction is drawn), he is interred in the clothes he was killed in, and without washing ; it being supposed that in this state he will be at once received into paradise, as having fallen in defence of his country : but if he survive his wound



some days, he is presumed to have again sinned (perhaps in regretting his wound, or expressing impatience under it), and must, therefore, be washed and dressed for his immortal journey.

The same ceremonies are performed at the death of women and children, but the assemblages are less numerous.—*Bell's Residence in Circassia.*

#### ESTIMATE OF A WIFE.

I HATE a dull, melancholy, moping thing; I could not have existed in the same house with such a thing for a single month. The mopers are, too, all giggle at other times; the gaiety is for others, and the moping for the husband, to comfort him (happy man!) when he is alone; plenty of smiles and of badinage for others, and for him to participate with others; but the moping is reserved exclusively for him. One hour she is capering about, as if rehearsing a jig; and the next, sighing to the motion of a lazy needle, or weeping over a novel: and this is called sentiment! Music, indeed! Give me a mother singing to her clean, and fat, and rosy baby, and making the house ring with her extravagant and hyperbolical encomiums on it. That is the music which is "the food of love;" and not the formal, pedantic noises, an affectation of skill in which is now-a-days the ruin of half the young couples in the middle rank of life. Let any man observe, as I so frequently have with delight, the excessive fondness of the labouring people for their children. Let him observe with what pride they dress them out on a Sunday, with means deducted from their own scanty meals. Let him observe the husband, who has toiled all the week like a horse, nursing the baby while the wife is preparing the bit of dinner. Let him observe them both abstaining from a sufficiency, lest the children should feel the pinchings of hunger. Let him observe, in short, the whole of their demeanour, the real mutual affection evinced, not in words, but in unequivocal deeds. Let him observe these things, and having then cast a look at the lives of the great and wealthy, he will say with me, that when a man is choosing his partner for life, the dread of poverty ought to be cast to the winds. A labourer's cottage on a Sunday, the husband or wife having a baby in arms, looking at two or three older ones playing between the flower-borders, going from the wicket to the door, is, according to my taste, the most interesting object that eyes ever beheld; and it is an object to be beheld in no country on earth but England.—*Cobbett's Advice to young Men.*

#### HAVE DEALINGS WITH MEN WHO ARE CAREFUL TO FULFIL THEIR DUTIES.

We may either be engaged by them, or with them; duty is their best check even should a difference arise, for they always are governed by it; besides, it is much better to combat with good men, than to triumph over bad ones. There is no safety in treating with wicked people, since they never feel the obligation of doing what is just and proper—consequently, there cannot be any true friendship with them: however great their regard may seem, it is nothing but base alloy, because they are deficient in principles of honour. Avoid that man who possesses not honour, for the throne of good faith is wanting in him. Whoever esteems not honour, esteems not virtue.

#### THE EXILE'S SONG.

THIS land is rich—baith tree and bower,  
An' hill an' plain, are cover'd o'er  
Wi' flow'rs o' monie, monie dyes,  
Till maist it seems a paradise,  
Where Love an' Beauty make their hame  
Beside ilk flowin' silver stream—  
I ken the land is heavenlie;  
But, O! its nae my ain cuntry!

Thae hills are green—nae heather there  
Waves in the caller mornin' air;  
Fu' pleasantly thae streamlets rin:  
But, oh! they want the cheerfu' din  
O' hame's sweet burns that ever sung  
To me, my ain, my mountain tongue—  
I ken the land is fair to see;  
But, oh! it's nae my ain cuntry!

The bonnet doesna hap the brow—  
The plaidie wraps na bosoms true;  
The harp's sweet tones 'mang echoes stray,  
Whar I wad like the pipes to play;  
The nightingale sings a' night lang,  
Whar I wad like the throstle's sang.  
The land is fair as fair can be;  
But, oh! it's nae my ain cuntry!

Whan Mirth's warm voice is laughin' hie,  
The grane o' care doth daunt me;  
I canna rest, I canna smile  
Awa frae yonder rocky isle!  
An exile's waeifu' fate is mine,  
Wha for his hame doth ever pine;  
My heart is sick, and I will dee,  
If I win na to my ain cuntry!

ROBERT NICHOLL.

#### THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

It is not enough to account for the fall of the leaf, to say it falls because it is weakened or dead; for the mere death of a leaf is not sufficient to cause its fall, as, when branches are struck by lightning, killed by a bleak wind, or die by any similar cause, the dead leaves adhere tenaciously to the dead branch. To produce the natural fall of the leaf, the branch must continue to live while its leaves die, and are thrown off by the action of its sap-vessels. The change of temperature from hot to cold seems to be one of the principal circumstances connected with the death and fall of the leaf. Hence it is that European trees, growing in the southern hemisphere, cast their leaves at the approach of winter there, which is about the same period of the year that they put them forth in their own climate. The native trees of the tropics are all evergreens, and, like our hollies and pines, have no general fall of the leaf, though there is always a partial fall going forward, and at the same time a renewal of the loss.

#### INTIMATION.

THE present Readers of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL are informed, that the next Number will commence a New SERIES, to be published by Mr. ARNOLD, Paternoster Row. It will continue to be under the management of the present Editor, in conjunction with Mr. Grant, who merges his "LONDON JOURNAL" in the forthcoming new series of the LONDON SATURDAY JOURNAL.

#### END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.



